

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The audience Doctor Talmage has had since the burning of the Tabernacle drove his congregation to the shelter of the Academy of Music have been something phenomenal. Sunday evening the spacious building was filled in every part. The popular preacher discoursed on the profession of healing. His text was Matthew xi, 5: "The blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear." He said: "Doctor," I said to a distinguished surgeon, "do you not get worn out with constantly seeing so many wounds and broken bones and distortions of the human body?" "Oh, no," he answered, "all that is overcome by my joy in curing them." A sublimer or more merciful art never came down from Heaven than the art of surgery. Catastrophe and disease entered the earth so early that one of the first wants of the world was a doctor. Our crippled and agonized human race called for surgeon and family physician for many years before they came. The first surgeons who answered this call were ministers of religion, namely, the Egyptian priests. And what a good thing if all clergymen were also doctors, all D. D.'s were M. D.'s, for there are so many cases where body and soul need treatment at the same time: consolation and medicine, theology and therapeutics. As the first surgeons of the world were also ministers of religion, may those two professions always be in full sympathy! But under what disadvantages the early surgeons worked, from the fact that the dissection of the human body was forbidden, first by the pagans and then by the early christians! Apes, being the brutes most like the human race, were dissected, but no human body might be unfolded for physiological and anatomical exploration and the surgeons had to guess what was inside the temple by looking at the outside of it. If they failed in any surgical operation they were persecuted and driven out of the city, as was Archagathus because of his bold but unsuccessful attempt to save a patient.

But the world from the very beginning kept calling for surgeons, and their first skill is spoken of in Genesis, where they employed their art for the incisions of a sacred rite, God making surgery the predecessor of baptism; and we see it again in II Kings, where Ahaziah, the monarch, stepped on some cracked lattice-work in the palace, and it broke and he fell from the upper to the lower floor, and he was so hurt that he sent to the village of Ekron for aid; and Esculapius, who wrought such wonders of surgery that he was deified, and temples were built for his worship at Pergamos; and Epidaurus and Podelirius introduced for the relief of the world phlebotomy; and Damocles cured the dislocated ankle of King Darius, and the cancer of his queen; and Hippocrates put successful hand on fractures, and introduced amputation; and Praxagoras removed obstructions; and Herophilus began dissection; and Erasistratus removed tumors; and Celsus, the Roman surgeon, removed cataract from the eye, and used the Spanish fly; and Heliodorus arrested disease of the throat; and Alexander, of Tralles, treated the eye; and Rhazas cauterized for the prevention of hydrophobia; and Percival Pott came to combat diseases of the spine; and in our own century we have had a Roux and a Larray in France, an Askey Cooper and an Abernethy in Great Britain, and a Valentine Mott and Willard Parker and Samuel D. Gross in America, and a galaxy of living surgeons as brilliant as their predecessors. What mighty progress in the baffling of disease since the crippled and sick of ancient cities were laid along the streets, that people who had ever been hurt or disordered in the same way might suggest what had better be done for the patients; and the priests of olden time, who were constantly suffering from colds received in walking bare-foot over the temple pavements, had to prescribe for themselves, and fractures were considered so far beyond all human cure that instead of calling the surgeons the people only invoked the gods!

But, notwithstanding all the surgical and medical skill of the world, with what tenacity the old diseases hang on to the human race, and most of them are thousands of years old, and in our Bibles we read of them; the carbuncles of Job and Hezekiah; the palpitation of the heart spoken of in Deuteronomy; the sunstroke of a child carried from the fields of Shunem, crying, "My head! my head!" King Asa's disease of the feet, which was nothing but gout; defection of the teeth, that called for dental surgery, the skill of which, quite equal to any thing modern, is still seen in the filled molars of the mummified Egyptian mummies; the ophthalmia caused by the juice of the newly ripe fig, leaving the people blind at the roadside; epilepsy, as in the case of the young man often falling into the fire and oft into the water; hypochondria, as of Nebuchadnezzar, who imagined himself an ox, and going out to the fields of pasture; the withered hand, which in Bible times, as now, came from the destruction of the main artery, or from the paralysis of the chief nerve; the wounds of the man whom the thieves left for dead on the road to Jericho, and whom the good Samaritan nursed, pouring in oil and wine—wine to cleanse the wound and oil to soothe it. Thank God for what surgery has done for the alleviation and cure of human suffering!

The thirty-eight years' case was a man who lay on a mattress near the mineral baths of Jerusalem. There were five apartments where lame people were brought, so that they could get the advantage of these mineral baths. The stone basin of the bath is still visible although the waters have disappeared, probably through some convulsion of nature, the bath, 120 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 8 feet deep. Ah, poor man; if you have been lame and helpless thirty-eight years, that mineral bath can not restore you. Why, thirty-eight years is more than the average of human life! Nothing but the grave will cure you. But Christ, the surgeon, walks along these baths, and I have no doubt passes by some patients who have been only six months disordered, or a year, or five years, and comes to the mattress of the man who had been nearly

four decades helpless, and to this thirty-eight years' invalid said: "Wilt thou be made whole?" The question asked, not because the surgeon did not understand the protractedness, the desperateness of the case, but to evoke the man's pathetic narrative. "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Would you like to get well?" "Oh, yes," says the man, "that is what I came to these mineral baths for; have tried everything. All the surgeons have failed, and all the prescriptions have proved valueless, and I have got worse and worse, and I can neither move hand nor foot nor head. Oh if I could only be free from this pain of thirty-eight years!" Christ, the surgeon, could not stand that. Bending over the man on the mattress, and in a voice tender with all sympathy, but strong with all omnipotence, he says, "Rise!" And the invalid instantly scrambles to his knees, and then puts out his right foot, then his left foot, and then stood upright as though he had never been prostrated. While he stands looking at the doctor with joy too much to hold, the doctor says: "Shoulder this mattress! for you are not only well enough to walk, but well enough to work, and start out from these mineral baths. Take up thy bed and walk!" Oh, what a surgeon for chronic cases then, and for chronic cases now!

This is not applicable so much to those who are only a little hurt of sin, and only for a short time, but to those prostrated of sin twelve years, eighteen years, thirty-eight years. Here is a surgeon able to give immortal health. "Oh," you say, "I am so completely overthrown and trampled down of sin that I can not rise." Are you flatter down than this patient at the mineral baths? No. Then rise. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, the surgeon who offers you his right hand of help, I bid thee rise. Not cases of acute sin, but of chronic sin—those who have not prayed for thirty-eight years, those who have not been to church for thirty-eight years, those who have been gamblers, or libertines, or thieves, or outlaws, or blasphemers, or infidels, or atheists, or all these together, for thirty-eight years. A Christ for exigencies! A Christ for a dead-lift! A surgeon who never loses a case!

In speaking of Christ as a surgeon, I must consider him as an oculist, or eye doctor, an aurist, or ear doctor. Was there ever such another oculist? That he was particularly sorry for the blind folks, I take from the fact that the most of his works was with the diseased optic nerves. I have not time to count up the number of blind people mentioned who got his cure. Two blind men in one house, also one who was born blind; so that it was not removal of a visual obstruction, but the creation of the cornea, and ciliary muscle, and crystalline lense, and retina, and optic nerve, and tear gland; also the blind man of Bethsaida, cured by the saliva which the surgeon took from the tip of his own tongue and put upon the eyelids; also two blind men who sat by the wayside. In our civilized land we have blindness enough, the ratio fearfully increasing, according to the statement of Boston and New York and Philadelphia oculists, because of the reading of morning and evening newspapers on the jolting cars by the multitudes who live out of the city and come in to business. But in the lands where this divine surgeon operated, the cases of blindness were multiplied beyond every thing by the particles of sand floating in the air, and the night dews falling on the eyelids of those who slept on the top of their houses; and in some of these lands it is estimated that twenty out of a hundred people are totally blind. Amid all that crowd of visionless people, what work for an oculist! And I do not believe that more than one out of a hundred of that surgeon's cures were reported. He went up and down among those people who were feeling slowly their way by staff, or led by the hand of man or rope or dog, and introducing them to the faces of their own household, to the sunrise and sunset, and the evening star. He just ran his hand over the expressionless face, and the shutters of both windows were swung open, and the restored went home, crying, "I see! I see! Thank God, I see!"

That is the oculist we all need. Till he touches our eyes we are blind. Yea, we were born blind. By nature we see things wrong if we see them at all. Our best eternal interests are put before us and we can not see them. The glories of a loving and pardoning Christ are projected, and we do not behold them. Or we have a defective sight which makes things of this world larger than the future, time bigger than eternity. Or we are color-blind, and can not see the difference between the blackness of darkness forever and the rosyate morning of an everlasting day. But Christ, the surgeon, comes in and, though we shrink back afraid to have him touch us, yet he puts his fingers on the closed eyelids of the soul, and midnight becomes mid-noon; and we understand something of the joy of the young man of the Bible, who, though he had never before been able to see his hand before his face, now, by the touch of Christ, had two head-lights kindled under his brow, cried out in language that confounded the jeering crowd who were deriding the Christ that had effected the cure, and wanted to make him out a bad man, "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

But this surgeon was just as wonderful as an aurist. Very few people have two good ears. Nine out of ten people are particular to get on this or that side of you when they sit or walk or ride with you, because they have one disabled ear. Many have both ears damaged, and what with the constant racket of our great cities, and the catarrhal troubles that sweep through the land, it is remarkable that there are any good ears at all. Most wonderful instrument is the human ear. It is harp and drum and telegraph and telephone and whispering gallery all in one. So delicate and wondrous is its construction that the most difficult of all things to reconstruct is the auditory apparatus. The mightiest of scientists have put their skill to its retuning, and sometimes they stop the progress of its decadence, or remove temporary obstructions, but not more than one really deaf ear out of one hundred thousand is ever cured. It took a God to make the ear and it takes a God to mend it. That makes me

curious to see how Christ, the surgeon, succeeds as an aurist.

We are told of only too cases he operated on as an ear surgeon. His friend Peter, naturally high-tempered, saw Christ insulted by a man by the name of Malchus, and Peter let his sword fly, aiming at the man's head, but the sword slipped and hewed off the outside ear, and our surgeon touched the laceration and another ear bloomed in the place of the one that had been slashed away. But it is not the outside ear that hears. That is only a funnel for gathering sound and pouring it into the hidden and more elaborate ear. On the beach of Lake Galilee our surgeon found a man deaf and dumb. The patient dwelt in perpetual silence and was speechless. He could not hear a note of music or a clap of thunder. He could not call father or mother or wife or children by name. What power can awaken that dull tympanum or reach that chain of small bones or revive that auditory nerve or open the gate between the brain and the outside world? The surgeon put his fingers in the deaf ears and agitated them, and kept on agitating them until the vibration gave vital energy to all the dead parts, and they responded, and when our surgeon withdrew his fingers from the ears, the two tunnels of sound were clear for all sweet voices of music and friendship. For the first time in his life he heard the dash of the waves of Galilee. Through the desert of painful silence had been built a king's highway of reasonance and acclamation. But yet he was dumb. No word had ever leaped over his lip. Speech was chained under his tongue. Vocalization and accentuation were to him an impossibility. He could express neither love nor indignation nor worship. Our surgeon, having unbarred his ear, will row melt the shackle of his tongue. The surgeon will use the same liniment or salve that he used on two occasions for the cure of blind people, namely, the moisture of his own mouth. The application is made. And, lo! the rigidity of the dumb tongue is relaxed and between the tongue and teeth were born a whole vocabulary, and words flew into expression. He not only heard but he talked. One gate of his body swung in to let sound enter, and the other gate swung out to let sound depart. Why is it while other surgeons used knives and that forceps and probes and spectroscopes, this surgeon used only the ointment of his own lips. To show that all the curative power we ever feel comes straight from Christ. And if he touches us not, we shall be deaf as a rock and dumb as a tomb. Oh, thou greatest of all aurists, compel us to hear and help us to speak!

But what were the surgeon's fees for all these cures of eyes and ears and tongues and withered hands and crooked backs? The skill and the painlessness of the operations were worth hundreds and thousands of dollars. Do not think that the cases he took were all moneyless. Did he not treat the nobleman's son? Did he not doctor the ruler's daughter? Did he not effect a cure in the house of a centurion of great wealth, who had out of his own pocket built a synagogue? They would have paid him large fees if he had demanded them, and there were hundreds of wealthy people in Jerusalem, and among the merchant castles along Lake Tiberias, who would have given this surgeon houses and lands and all they had for such cures as he could effect. For critical cases in our time great surgeons have received a thousand dollars, and in one case I know of, fifty thousand dollars, but the surgeon of whom I speak received not a shekel, not a penny, not a farthing. In his whole earthly life we know of his having had but sixty-two and a half cents. When his taxes were due by his omniscience he knew of a fish in the sea which had swallowed a piece of silver money, as fish are apt to swallow anything bright, and he sent Peter with a hook which brought up the fish, and from its mouth was extracted a Roman stater, or sixty-two and a half cents, the only money he ever had; and that he paid out for taxes. This great surgeon of all the centuries gave all his services then, and offers his services now, free of all charge: "Without money, and without price," you may spiritually have your blind eyes opened, and your deaf ears unbarred, and your dumb tongues loosened, and your wounds healed and your soul saved. If christian people get hurt of body, mind, or soul, let them remember that surgery is apt to hurt, but it cures, and you can afford present pain for future glory. Besides that, there are powerful anesthetics in the divine promise that soothe and alleviate. No ether or chloroform or cocaine ever made one so superior to distress as a few drops of that magnificent anodyne: "All things work together for good to those who love God!" "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning!"

What a grand thing for our poor human race when this surgeon shall have completed the treatment of all the world's wounds? The day will come when there will be no more sick, and no more eye and ear infirmities, for there will be no more blind or deaf, and no more deserts, for the round earth shall be brought under arboriculture, and no more blizzards or sun-strokes, for the atmosphere will be expurgated of scorch and chill, and no more war, for the swords shall come out of the foundry bent into pruning-hooks. While in the Heavenly country we shall see those who were victims of accident or malformation, or hereditary ills on earth, become the athletes in Elysian fields. Who is that man with such brilliant eyes close before the throne? Why, that is the man who, near Jericho, was blind, and our surgeon cured his ophthalmia! Who is that erect and graceful and queenly woman before the throne? That was the one whom our surgeon found bent almost double and could in no wise lift up herself, and he made her straight. Who is that listening with so much rapture to the music of heaven, solo melting into chorus, cymbal responding to trumpet, and then himself joining in the anthem? Why, that is the man whom our surgeon found deaf and dumb on the beach of Galilee, and by two touches opened ear-gate and mouth-gate. Who is that around whom the crowds are gathering with admiring look and thanksgiving, and cries of "Oh, what he did for me! Oh, what he did for my family! Oh, what he did for the world!" That is the surgeon of all the centuries, the oculist, the aurist, the emancipator, the Savior. No pay he took on earth. Come, now, and let all Heaven pay him with worship that shall never end, and a love that shall never die. On his head be all the crowns! In his hands be all the scepters! and at his feet be all the worlds!

How to Test Seeds.

New York Witness.]

To farmers who have neither hot-beds nor green-houses the following is recommended as an easy method to test seeds, and one that can be tried in any warm room: Take a dish, or a number of them, according to the variety of seeds you wish to test, and put over it a narrow, thin board, like a shingle. Across this board place a sheet of blotting paper, so that the ends will touch the bottom of the dish; fill the dish with water, and sow the seeds on top of the paper. Keep this in a warm room, and await the sprouting of the seeds. The blotter will become saturated, and so remain, and the experimenter should see that the water does not become exhausted. If the seed be fresh it will sprout; if old it will mould. Large seeds, like peas, corn, etc., should have an additional paper put over them.

Good Ones Only.

Smith County (Ky.) Record.]

The country is getting full of good horses and the days of the "scrub" numbered. Sensible people will not be satisfied with the stallion of the old backwoods sort whose owner assures them that he is very "finely bred," although his sire and dam are unknown, and although he is undersized, eye-necked, crest-fallen, narrow-chested, spindled-legged, calf-kneed, razor-backed, slab-sided, peaked-rumped, curly-hocked, cat-hammered, etc., "he is a wonderful breeder; he served one hundred and thirty-odd mares last year at \$4 by insurance, and his colts (which are not present) are the finest ever seen on such and such a branch." This "racket" will not work in this country now. The farmer now in search of a stallion to mate with his mare stops only when he finds a good-sized, stylish, sound, and well-formed individual, whose genealogy traces to some definite source. He has been too long in his own light and he knows it.

Farm Failures.

Bruceville (Tex.) Herald.]

As a rule those farmers who are most in debt and who grumble most at mortgages and interest, are the ones who will be the least benefited by any reduction in interest charges. As a rule they are the farmers who suffer the greatest loss by not taking care of stock, crops, and tools. No one of discerning turn of mind can take a tour through the most heavily mortgaged farming sections and not notice that there are more poor than in the opposite condition.

Many an expensive implement, to buy which the owner has mortgaged his farm or given his note, is allowed to stand out in the weather and may, perhaps, be broken up or ruined before it is paid for because of sheer neglect or shiftlessness. We know of one man who bought a high priced binder last year, and, after the harvest was over, drew it up near the barn and left it standing in one corner of the sheep-yard all winter without any shelter, and, in fact, it stands, or rather lies there yet; but his carriage must be always housed when not in use. Yet this man has ample storage room for all his tools.

Lack of thoroughness in preparing the soil and in working crops is characteristic of these farmers, and much of their stock is of the kind that does not pay its keeper; yet this class of men kick the hardest against improved methods, thoroughbred stock, and the best implements.

FRED H. WHITAKER has been appointed Inspector of Customs at New Orleans.

If We Had no Women.

Selected.]

If there were no women, men would have no object in life, their mustaches would cease to interest them, they wouldn't care a Chinaman whether their collars were ironed well or not, they would have nobody to nurse them when they had the toothache, or to keep them from believing they were going to die when an old-fashioned stomach-ache had its grip upon them, said "Bab" in a recent letter. Then would be nobody to fight against being kissed and then to snuggle up to a coat-sleeve and take it as naturally as a cat does cream.

Most important of all, there would be nobody to write against, to complain of and to love with all your heart and soul. Without women men would never get to Heaven, and without them they would never have a taste of the other place on earth. So, when the bells are ringing in 1890, if Tom has any sense whatever, he'll put his arm around the woman he is fondest of, thank the good God for her, and wonder, as she does, what in the world he'd do without her.

Use Your Eyes Carefully.

Exchange.]

Sit erect in your chair when reading, and as erect when writing as possible.

Have a reading lamp for night use. In reading the light should be on the book or paper and not in the shade. Hold the book at your focus, if that begins to get far away get spectacles. Avoid reading by the flickering light of fire and straining the eyes by reading in the gloaming.

Reading in a bed is injurious as a rule. It must be admitted, however, that in cases of sleeplessness, when the mind is inclined to ramble over a thousand thoughts a minute, reading steadies the thoughts and conduces to sleep.

Bedroom blinds should be red or gray, and the head of the bed should be toward the window.

Ladies who sew should not attempt the black seam by night.

When you come to an age that suggests the wearing of spectacles, let no false modesty prevent you from getting a pair.

Who was Drunk?

Green Bag.]

The following droll incident is related as having taken place in one of the municipal courts of Boston on the trial of a prisoner, charged with theft, who pleaded drunkenness in extenuation:

Court (to the policeman, who was a witness): "What did the man say when you arrested him?"

Witness: "Said he was drunk."

Court: "I want his precise words, just as he uttered them. He didn't use the pronoun 'he,' did he? He didn't say 'He was drunk?'"

Witness: "Oh, yes, he did. He said he was drunk; he acknowledged the corn."

Court (getting impatient at the witness's stupidity): "You don't understand me at all. I want the words as he uttered them. Didn't he say 'I was drunk?'"

Witness (deprecatingly): "Oh, no, your honor; he didn't say you were drunk. I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence."

Prosecutor: "Pshaw! you don't comprehend at all. His Honor means did not the prisoner say to you 'I was drunk?'"

Witness (reflectively): "Well, he might have said you was drunk, but I didn't hear him."

Attorney for Prisoner: "What the court desires is to have you state the prisoner's own words, preserving the precise form of pronoun that he made use of in reply. Was it the first person, I; second person, thou; or third person, he, she or it? Now then (with severity), upon your oath, didn't my client say 'I was drunk?'"

Witness (getting mad): "No; he didn't say you was drunk either; but if he had, I reckon he wouldn't 'a' lied any. Do you 'spose the poor fellow charged this whole court with being drunk?"

HENRY WATTERSON, of the Courier Journal, on a tour of the South, addressed the people of Nashville Monday evening on the subject of "Money and Morals."

THE nomination of William M. Moss, postmaster at Jackson, Tenn., is "hung up" in the Senate. His confirmation is doubtful.